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Parepa, and Choir of 200 voices. Organ, Mr. Brownsmith. Miss Arabella
Goddard will perform "The harmonious blacksmith," and "Where the bee
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prayer, O God," &c., &c. The Choir will also perform the following Part-Songs,
&c.: "Night, lovely night," F. Berger: "Rise, sleep no more," Benedict; "John
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Her Royal Highness The Duchess of Cambridge.
Her Royal Highness The Princess Mary of Cambridge.

The Royal Volunteer Ball will take place on the evening of Wednesday March
7th, the day on which Her Majesty will hold a Court specially to receive the Officers
of the various Volunteer Corps from the different parts of the kingdom.

The Ball will take place in the New Floral Hall, Covent Garden.
The list of the Ladies Patronesses through whom the tickets will be issued will
be completed and announced, together with the details of all the arrangements, in
the course of a few days.

MRS. TENNANT (Sister of Mr. Sims Reeves), begs to
acquaint her friends and the public that she continues giving lessons in
singing. For terms, apply to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street,
Cavendish-square; Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; or at her own
residence, 307, Oxford-street, New Bond-street, W.

MR. TENNANT has returned to town. All communica-
tions respecting engagements for himself and Mrs. Tennant to be addressed to
Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street, Cavendish-square; Messrs. Chappell
and Co., 50, New Bond-street; or to their residence, 307, Oxford-street, New
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MISS ELLEN LYON, Vocalist (Soprano). Letters
respecting all public and private engagements to be addressed 26, Charles-
street, Berners-street, W.

MR. THOMAS (Basso) finding that mistakes are con-
tinually occurring, from the fact of there being others in the musical pro-
fession of the same name, requests that all communications to him be addressed
"Lewis Thomas, 19, Hampshire-terrace, Camden-road Villas, N.W."

MISS LAURA BAXTER begs to announce that she
will give a Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, in the month of April,
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Honorable The Earl Mount Edgcumbe; The Lady Brownlow; Lord Valletort,
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Communications to be addressed to Miss Laura Baxter's residence, 155, Albany-
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MADAME SAINTON DOLBY will return to London for the season on the 10th March. All letters to be addressed to No. 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square, W.

MONSIEUR SAINTON will return to London for the season on the 10th March. All letters to be addressed to No. 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square, W.

THE LONDON CONCERT SEASON.—Mr. C. M. SHEE respectfully informs Musical Professors that he continues to undertake the arrangement of Concerts, Soirées, Matinées, as well as Programmes and Books of Words, at very moderate charges. Address 105, Warburton-street, Oxford-street.

MR. ABRAHAM THOMAS (Basso, of Lincoln's Inn Choir) takes this opportunity of informing his friends and the public generally, that his Address is 51, Brunswick-street, Borough, S.E. Mr. A. T. having lost several engagements lately, through others of the same name in the musical profession, feels it his duty to advertise his residence.

MR. ELLIOT GALER has REMOVED to St. John's Villa, Junction-road, N.

M^DLE. MARIE WIECK. Pianist.—Letters respecting engagements for concerts and lessons to be addressed, 14, Leinster-square, Hyde-park, W.

MR. T. SCOTSON CLARK is in town for the season.—Letters respecting lessons or engagements for the pianoforte or harmonium to be addressed to him, care of Messrs. Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

MISS AUGUSTA THOMSON begs to announce her arrival in London for the season. Letters to be addressed to her at 24, Holles-street, W.

TO CHORAL SOCIETIES.—Great success of the performances at the Town Hall, Leeds, Feb. 25, by the Madrigal Society of "the Widow of Nain," Overture by Lincolnpauper. The vocal score, orchestral and chorus parts are published by Wessel and Co., 18, Hanover-square. Each number to be had separately, voice and piano.

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Persons desirous of joining the choir are requested to address the Secretary.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR.—An action for slander having been brought by Mr. JEREMIAH ROGERS, Organist of the Doncaster Parish Church, against Mr. BENJAMIN HAWTHORN, of Doncaster, Pianoforte Tuner, I shall be obliged by your inserting in your publication the Defendant's Apology, of which a copy is given below.

I am, Sir,

Very obediently yours,

F. W. FISHER,

Plaintiff's Attorney.

Doncaster, Feb. 29, 1860.

[COPY OF APOLOGY.]

"ROGERS v. HAWTHORN."

"An action having been commenced against me by Mr. Jeremiah Rogers, for a slander uttered by me at the Doncaster Railway Station, on the 7th day of June, 1859, I hereby retract the slander complained of and withdraw all imputation on Mr. Rogers' character and conduct, and I apologise for having used the words attributed to me."

"In consideration of all proceedings in this action being stayed, I agree to pay the costs incurred by Mr. Rogers therein, such costs to be taxed in case of difference. Mr. Rogers is to be at liberty to use this document as he may think proper."

Dated this twenty-fifth day of February, 1860.

"B. HAWTHORN."

"Witness to the signing thereof,
CHAS. EDW. PALMER."

JUST PUBLISHED.—Eight Ballads by Adolfo Ferrari,

price 2s. each:—

1. "SWEET DAYS OF YOUTH."
2. "LONG YEARS OF CARE."
3. "WHEN MID THE FESTIVE SCENES WE MEET."
4. "BREAK NOT BY HEEDLESS WORD THE SPELL," for contralto or barytone.
5. "SWEET HOPE."
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7. "GRATITUDE."
8. "I LOVE THE OAK," for contralto or barytone.

London: Duncan Davidson and Co., 244, Regent-street, W.,

Where may be obtained

Two Chamber Trios for soprano, mezzo-soprano, and contralto: "Come, sisters, let us dance and sing," 2s. 6d. "Come, fairies, come, the stars shine bright," 2s. 6d. Three Italian Songs: "Vieni, Vieni," serenade, 2s.; "L'onda che mormora," romance, 2s. 6d.; "Ah, se piacer mi vuoi," romance, 2s. "These ballads are beautiful compositions, thoroughly English in their style and character. The words, always selected with literary taste, are set to music with the utmost attention, not only to sentiment and expression, but to all the niceties of accent and of prosody."

"The two trios, which are for female voices, and calculated for the accomplished lady-singers who are now found in every social circle, are among the most attractive drawing-room music that we have heard for a long time."—*Spectator*.

Signor Ferrari's "Eight Ballads" are, without exception, charming. They are purely vocal, and they have this precious quality—that the melody, in every instance, enables the singer to give the clearest and most expressive utterance to every word and syllable of the poetry. Where all are so good we find it difficult to pick out any of them for special notice; we may say, however, that the greatest impression on us has been made by "Sweet days of youth," with its rich accompaniment; by "Sweet hope," with its graceful and expressive simplicity; and by "Long years of care," with its great tenderness.

The two chamber trios are both on fairy subjects, and are charmingly light and delicate. They are for female voices; and gracefully warbled by three sweet-voiced damsels, are truly fairy music. Of the Italian songs it is sufficient to say, that "Vieni, Vieni," a serenade, with elegant verses, by the accomplished Signor Maggioni, possesses all the features which we have attempted to describe as characterising Ferrari's music."—*Illustrated News*.

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Shortly will be Published,

TWO EVENING SERVICES IN A MAJOR: Cantate and Deus, Magnificat, and Nunc Dimittis, with Organ Accompaniment. Composed by E. Bunnett, Mus. Bac., Cantab., Assistant Organist of Norwich Cathedral. Price (to Subscribers) 8s. Subscriber's names will be received by the Author, Upper Close, Norwich, and by the Publishers, Messrs. Cocks and Co., New Burlington-street, London, W.

Edited by CIPRIANI POTTER.

R. R. ROSS'S Useful Morning and Evening Full Service in F, for four voices, with organ accompaniment. Separately To Deum and Jubilate, 3s.; Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, 3s. London: J. A. Novello.

ALBERT DAWES' "AULD LANG SYNE," with Variations for the pianoforte, is just published, price 5s., by Duncan Davidson and Co., 244, Regent-street, where the popular "South Down" Polka, for pianoforte, may be obtained, price 1s.

REVIEWS.

"*Lurline*—Opera in three acts, written by Edward Fitzball, composed by William Vincent Wallace" (London, Cramer, Beale and Chappell; Leipsic, Schuberth and Co.)

Here we have the English text and pianoforte score of Mr. Wallace's new opera, which—as the first that has been heard from his pen since the production of *Matilda of Hungary* (with Mr. Bunn's memorable libretto), at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1846—presents more than ordinary interest. *Lurline* is said to have been in great part written as far back as twelve years ago; but it requires no such apology, bearing evidence as it does—evidence that springs from a comparison between this opera and Mr. Wallace's previous dramatic works—of having been carefully reconsidered and retouched by the composer from end to end.

The questionable feature of *Lurline* is its libretto, which belongs to a class of melodramatic writing happily now effete. Mr. Fitzball has treated the romantic and famous legend of the *Lurlei-berg* after a manner peculiar to himself. In the legend, the heroine, deceived by a false lover, invokes the spirits of the Rhine, and consents to become the bride of the river on condition of being endowed with gifts of beauty and fascination that shall render her irresistible to man, whom hereafter it is her intention to lure into destruction by every means at her command. The compact is made, and Loreley, or Lurlei (*Lurline*) becomes the spirit of the whirlpool, with what mission it is unnecessary to remind our readers. Mr. Fitzball finds the lady a spirit, and restores her to earth. She sees Count Rudolph in a bark on the river, falls in love with him, and tempts him to her abode beneath the waves, not to destroy, but, like Melusina, to cherish. Her vexed father (she has a father), the River-King, burning (or rather we should say freezing) to annihilate the rash mortal who has thus intruded on his domain, is frustrated in his desire by the amorous water-spirit, and at length persuaded to let Rudolph depart, loading him with treasures in the bargain, in order that he may be consoled for the loss of his beloved. Aware that the Count's affairs are by no means in good order, and that the emptiness of his purse has led to the rejection of his hand by Ghiva, daughter of a Rhenish Baron, the River-King judges—from a view of mortality, perhaps, common to water-spirits—that no sooner gone than, "out of sight out of mind," Rudolph will forget *Lurline*, and cast himself and his newly-acquired riches at the feet of the disdainful Ghiva. *Lurline*, however, with more faith, has promised to give her earthly admirer an interview at the *Lurlei-berg*, in the course of three days. On Rudolph's return to *terra firma* (how he managed to live under water we are left to surmise), the knowledge of his being possessed of untold wealth, acts in the way the River-King had suspected—at least upon one mortal, the mercenary Ghiva, though not upon Rudolph himself. He, poor wight, does nothing but sigh after his lost water-nymph, and actually snubs Ghiva, who, in despair, possesses herself of a ring which *Lurline* has given him as a pledge, and, in a fit of jealous rage, throws it into the Rhine. True to her appointment, *Lurline* makes her appearance at the end of the stipulated period, and learning from a gnome (?) that Rudolph has parted with the ring (which, as the spirit of the Rhine, one might have thought she would be the first to know), gives way to unutterable anguish. In her subsequent interview with Rudolph, however, when matters are explained to her satisfaction, she once more, and for the last time, makes use of her supernatural power, invoking

the storm-spirits dependant on the Rhine to overwhelm a band of reprobates, who, recently guests of the Count, are now plotting his assassination for the sake of his gold, and ultimately persuades her watery sire, the good-natured, though somewhat illogical River-King, to approve her choice and resign her to her terrestrial lover. Fancy the old Rhine spirit with whom Henrich Heine held converse at Cologne, expressing himself in such terms as the subjoined:—

"Yes; thy fond father
To Rudolph's hand here cometh to resign,
By love and fate decreed,
His child, *Lurline*,
Best treasure of the Rhine!"

[Joins their hands.

And so, amidst a heap of elaborate vocal divisions, *Lurline*, "best treasure of the Rhine," expresses her sense of happiness, and the curtain drops. If *Lurline*—which, we understand, was written many years since, may be regarded as Mr. Fitzball's last great work—his *Requiem* (it certainly cannot be accepted as his *Transfiguration*)—why, then, there might be an end of the matter, and no critic, however soured by operatic libretti, would have the heart to be severe; but if, on the contrary, further perpetrations of the same description are contemplated, it is as well to warn our composers that the time has passed for the toleration of such performances.

Such a jumble of spirits and mortals, with the special elements of either made apparently common to both—all the *dramatis personæ* being, more or less, amphibious—could only have sprung from the brain of a Fitzball, and justifies the epigrammatic epilogue of a wag, that the mixture of earth and water in *Lurline* accounted for the muddiness of its libretto.

But let us pass to a more agreeable subject—the music of Mr. Wallace. *Lurline* is certainly this gentleman's dramatic masterpiece, and as far superior to *Maritana* and *Matilda of Hungary* as the book of *Maritana* (not that of *Matilda*) is superior to the book of *Lurline*. Mr. Wallace has in every respect made progress—such progress as is rarely noted, indeed, between any two successive works of a dramatic composer. We find the old vein of melody as rich as formerly, with an increased knowledge of resources that gives it a tenfold value. The overture, in the broad and open key of D major, far surpasses, in clearness of design, and vigour of treatment, the orchestral preludes of Mr. Wallace's other operas. The instrumentation, too, is extremely effective, the combination of "wind" in the opening *adagio*, and the introduction, by the whole body of "strings," high and low, the double basses alone excepted, of the beautiful melody which, in the third act, stands as the theme of *Lurline's* prayer, being equally points to admire. The quick movement—like that in the overture to Weber's *Oberon*, although the first subject is no more strictly akin to Weber than to the *allegro* in Wagner's *Tannhäuser*—is rather chivalrous than fairy-like. It is vigorous and brilliant from end to end, and among many new touches of fancy may be noted the passage of rhythmical recitative given to the stringed instruments, ushering in the progression which leads back to the principal theme. The second theme (afterwards an episode in the romance of the "Night winds"—Act I) is essentially melodious, contrasts strikingly with the leading theme, and works in well with the rest. In short, Mr. Wallace in this overture has evidently written his best, and, earnestly bent upon success, has attained it. Although we have only the pianoforte adaptation before us, it may be as well to observe, once for all, that the manner in which the orchestra is handled

throughout the opera of *Lurline*, imparting colour to and heightening the dramatic sentiment of the various situations into which the chief personages are thrown, while engendering effects the occasional novelty and frequent beauty of which are sure to elicit the attention of musicians, confers infinite honour on the composer, and shows that his studies have been well directed in the long interval during which he has been condemned, in so far as the English public are concerned, to unmerited silence. The introductory symphony (in F major) at the rise of the curtain, where the accompaniment of the violoncellos, to a melodious phrase for the horn, realises what the Italian musicians designate as "ondeggiando," at once suggests that we are about to be entertained with a spectacle in which some of the actors are fairies, and that the habitation of those fairies will, in all probability, turn out to be rather aquatic than terrestrial. *Lurline's* romance (Act I), "When the night winds sweep the wave" (in A minor—already mentioned), a most original and beautiful piece in itself, offers, perhaps, the most remarkable example in the entire work of the fanciful treatment of the orchestra in which Mr. Wallace has shown himself so skilled an adept. The accompaniments to this are as uncommon as they are characteristic, and, at the same time, masterly.

The opening of the first scene (after the symphony to which allusion has been made) is somewhat ineffective. No one cares greatly for *Rhineberg* (an odd name for a king who resides underneath the water), and no one cares a straw for *Zelieck*, the gnome (we thought gnomes were earth spirits), whom he wildly invokes in the bold and vigorous air, "Idle spirit, wildly dreaming" (in F minor). So that, however excellent *per se*, and however well given by Mr. Santley, the air and the recitatives that precede and follow it—the last being dialogue, in which Mr. Corri (the gnome) takes part—fall somewhat flat. The "other nymphs" (*vide* book) whom Mr. Fitzball summons "from their shells of opal" (no nymphs having yet appeared), in a pretty choral strain ("Hark, hark, hark,"—A flat) from behind, begin to awaken attention, and the graceful quasi-Weberish chorus ("King of the Rhine"—same key) with which, when before the footlights, they greet their dripping monarch, at once imparts life and interest to the scene. The apparition of *Lurline*, at the foot of a rock, singing to "an antique harp," the confession of her love for *Rudolph*, is illustrated by a brief concerted piece, in which the other personages, including *Liba*, a water-nymph (a part, we may here add, very prettily played and very prettily sung by Miss Fanny Cruise, a young and promising beginner), are concerned. The first romance of *Lurline* ("Flow on, flow on, oh silver Rhine"—E major), in which she begs the river, the flowers, and the spirits to explain her sentiments to *Rudolph*, is based on a melody sure from its piquant, simple, and unpretending character to become popular, and, moreover, graced with florid cadences and a florid *coda*, or tailpiece, precisely fitted to the peculiar talent of Miss *Lopisa Pyne*, who warbles it exquisitely. The chorus divides the two couplets, and in the second verse the accompaniment is judiciously varied. A scene between *Lurline* and *Rhineberg*, in accompanied recitative—a form, by the way, into which Mr. Wallace (a task as difficult as it is thoroughly well accomplished) has thrown all those parts of the opera which would otherwise be spoken dialogue—leads to the delicious romance, "The Night Winds," already described, a revelation on the part of the water-nymph of the history of her love for *Rudolph*. The chorus that brings the first scene to an end ("Sail, sail, sail"—D flat), in which the

principal characters join, though spirited and appropriate, offers no particular point for notice.

In the second scene, where we have to do with simple mortals, the music assumes an essentially different character—as in duty bound. It sets out with a very admirably written duet ("Oh! *Rudolph*, haughty *Rudolph*"—D major) for the Baron *Truenfels* (carefully represented by Mr. Honey, as a decrepid old man, with bent knees and crooked legs) and *Ghiva* (Miss Pilling) his daughter. This duet, of which, as in many of those of *Auber* and other French composers, the orchestra claims the lion's share, the voices being often little more than accompaniments, contains a very charming episode, in which a passage occurs on the words, "Oh, soft affection, to thy rest," equally to be admired for its melody and its harmony. The arrival of *Rudolph* (Mr. Harrison) brings some clever concerted music, conducting to a trio (A major):—

"I see by the gray of the sky
That morning is now very nigh,"—

where the composer, by showing how it is not absolutely necessary that the music and poetry in a dramatic composition should breathe the same spirit, has upset the pet theory of Herr *Wagner*, who, in his *Kunstwerk der Zukunft*, would fuse all the arts into one, and make them inseparable and dependent on each other. Although French in colour and in the turn of its leading phrases (the last especially—"Good night, sir, good night")—as, indeed, is frequently the case with the lighter music of Mr. Wallace—this trio may be unreservedly eulogised for spirit and scenic propriety.

The third scene (*Rudolph's* castle) opens with a drinking chorus, "Drain the cup of pleasure" (D major), in *bolero* measure, cheerful and animated, if not strikingly original, which owes no little of the favour it enjoys (it is always redemanded) to the admirable singing of the chorus (men's voices, of course). Some effective concerted music leads to a romance, with chorus for *Rudolph* ("Our bark, in moonlight beaming"—D minor), which embodies the legend of *Lurline*, the Rhine-spirit. Here the ordinary method of treating such matters at the French Opera has not been discarded, notwithstanding which the romance has both character and merit of its own. Though decidedly simple, it is imbued with a feeling of dreamy mysteriousness, entirely in keeping with the sentiment conveyed in the text. The *finale* (beginning in A flat, and ending in F minor), sets out with a harp arpeggio, while snatches from the ballad, "Flow on, flow on, oh! silver Rhine," indicate the approach of *Lurline*, who shortly emerges from the river and mingles with the noisy guests of her lover. Placing the ring on his finger, which is to be a pledge of mutual faith, no less than a potent charm, and a safeguard in case of subtil difficulties, she at length, in spite of opposition from *Rudolph's* associates, lures him into a skiff, which immediately disappears. *Rhineberg*, with "a host of spirits," is seen among the rocks, vowing vengeance against *Rudolph*: a storm arises; the skiff is supposed to sink beneath the waters, and the curtain falls. All this is combined with vigorous, striking and picturesque music, and the result is a *finale* which brings the act to a climax in a thoroughly effective manner.

The second act ("Crystal dwelling of *Lurline*; doors of bronze") begins with a chorus of gnomes ("Behold, behold, wedges of gold," E minor), gloomy, savage, and monotonous, as befits the singers, and leading to an unpretendingly graceful ballad for *Lurline* ("Under a spreading coral wave"—G major), which Miss *Pyne* sings charmingly. In the absence of *Rhineberg*, the water-nymphs disport themselves

in dance and song to a very lively chorus (B flat major), at the end of which a compliment to the River-King's sagacity is conveyed in the following language:—

"Though lock'd in your breast, he the secret can find,
'Neath one beam of his eye your poor heart must unclose,
And out floats the truth like the bee from the rose."

This chorus interrupts and mixes with the ballad of Lurline. The sparkling music of Mr. Wallace, however, here once more controverts the dogma of Herr Wagner. Rudolph's *début* as a vocalist under water is in a *cavatina* ("Sweet form that on my dreamy gaze"—B flat major), which, though it can boast an elegant melody, is even more strictly noticeable for the ingenuity of the accompaniments. Lurline's *brindisi* (with chorus), "Take this cup of sparkling wine" (E flat major)—which obtains an encore every evening, thanks to Miss Louisa Pyne's brilliant singing—is, in its chief feature, a sort of reminiscence of the old English nursery tune—"Girls and boys come out to play." The concerted piece (E flat minor and G flat major), where Liba and her companions avert the watchfulness of Zeliack, intrusted with the guardianship of his master's treasures, is animated and clever. The introduction here of snatches of the foregoing air is felicitous; and the drinking song at the end (there are too many drinking songs and choruses), "As in this cup the bead flies up" (G minor and major), while in some passages too florid for Mr. Corri's method of vocalisation, is eminently characteristic of the situation. Ghiva's ballad in the next scene ("Troubadour enchanting"—F major), almost primitive in its simplicity, is, nevertheless, extremely pretty and attractive. Miss Pilling (the new "contralto") sings it well, and, being invariably called for twice, it helps to lengthen the performance. A chorus of huntsmen ("Away to the chase"—E flat major) is one of the most vigorous pieces in the opera. The introductory symphony, with the unanticipated notes for various brass instruments, modifying the harmony of each section, is of itself remarkable, and the rest fully bears out the promise it entails. Rhineberg's ballad (B major), "The nectar cup may yield delight," (for which Mr. Santley's admirably expressive singing elicits an inevitable "encore"), is one of those model drawing-room ditties certain to gain the favour both of sentimental young gentlemen and sentimental young ladies, the especial delight of music publishers, and of which Mr. Balfe has invented the most admirable and popular specimens. The next piece—an "Ave Maria" (E major) supposed to be sung by Rudolph's friends in a boat on the Rhine, for the soul of their comrade, whom they imagine dead, while Rudolph, from his subaqueous and supernatural abode, actually overhears them, and responds to their appeal, is of a very different stamp. Nothing could be more beautiful of its kind, more ingeniously constructed and impressive. The *finale* to the second act (chiefly in E major) is superior to that of the first. The incident is the return of the Rhine King, who, at Lurline's intercession, spares the life of Rudolph, and sends him back to his mortal home, loaded with treasures, amid the mutual despair of the lovers, who, resigned to fate, are still loth to part. The music here is thoroughly dramatic, and most skilfully composed, the grand passage of combination (or "ensemble") consisting of a large and energetic melody, upon which (as in some of the operas of Donizetti and Verdi) is brought to bear the united power of chorus and orchestra, while the voice of the chief soprano (Lurline) predominates over the rest, in high, prolonged, and resonant tones, until the culminating point is attained (as by the same originals) in a broad phrase

of unison, allotted to all the voices, choral and solo, and all the instruments except those of the lower register.

The third act (prefaced by a capital orchestral interlude—in which an episode belonging to the overture, in F sharp minor, is developed with much interest and skill)—although quite equal in interest to the others, must be more briefly dismissed. Rudolph's song, "My home, my heart's first home!" (A major) is another approved drawing-room ballad, inferior, however, to the one in which the Rhine King gives gushing expression to the sentiment of paternal love, and at the same time still more nearly shaped on some of the specimens to which Mr. Balfe owes so many laurels. "Gold and wine heal every care" (E flat major) is another extremely effective chorus for male voices, comprising, moreover, one or two novel points—as, for instance, the pauses at the end. As in the drinking-chorus (Act I.), and the hunting-chorus (Act II.), the execution of this piece confers the highest credit on the singers. The duet which follows, for Rudolph and Ghiva (B flat major), is, in a great measure—like the duet between the baron and the same lady (Act I.)—a display for the orchestra, in which the fiddles shine to their heart's (strings?) content, while the voices are too frequently subordinate. It is clever, nevertheless, and would have more pretensions to be styled "original," but for the provokingly Auberish phrase occurring at the end of the second movement ("Telling of fond eyes that weep.") The short chorus of "storm-spirits" (same key), that ensues upon Ghiva's casting into the Rhine the magic ring she has snatched from Rudolph's finger, may pass as a mere allusion. Lurline's grand *scena* (beginning and ending in F major), "Sad is my soul," which includes two beautiful slow movements—the second one (a prayer in A flat major—"Oh, Thou, to whom this heart") to the melody allotted the stringed instruments in the opening of the overture—and terminating with an extremely spirited *allegro* ("As a bounding barque"), is a very striking composition, in which the voice-part and orchestral accompaniments are alike interesting, while the dramatic feeling is sustained with unabated vigour to the end. This is one of the capital pieces of the opera, and in it Miss Louisa Pyne exhibits her finest singing, whether expression or fluent execution be taken into consideration. Scarcely less effective, while equally well written, is the duet (commencing and terminating in A major) where Lurline first reproaches Rudolph for losing her ring, and then restores it to him. Abounding in passionate phrases, although somewhat too lengthy, for the situation in which it occurs, this duet never once flags in interest. Both the foregoing would gain by being placed somewhat earlier in the opera. There still remain to be mentioned a lively chorus with ballet ("Now with joy each bosom beating"—D major), at the opening of the last scene, which might have fallen from Auber's pen without raising a doubt about its genuineness; and last (in some respects best of all), the unaccompanied quartet, for Lurline, Liba, Rhineberg, and Zeliack ("Though the world with transport bless me"—E flat major), which in every respect fully warrants the enthusiastic reception it meets with from the audience. A genuine English glee, with florid passages and *cadenza* for the principal voice (Lurline), this quartet is attractive enough to have saved a weak opera, and may be accepted as all the more remarkable, considering the effect it produces after so much that is excellent has gone before. In a word, it is a faultless example of vocal part writing, and everywhere as pleasing as it is ingenious. The *finale* to the third act is, according to precedent, the least ambitious of the

three. The commencement (in D major), with the accompaniment in triplets for violins, again smacks of Auber. Lurline's exhortation to the Rhine to devote its waters to the destruction of the conspirators (which climbs, by an ordinary sequence of semitonic progressions, from A minor, through B flat minor, to B minor), and the storm-movement (in F sharp minor) that follows, where the first subject of the *allegro* in the overture is presented in the relative minor key, are undistinguished by any very salient characteristics; while the concluding vocal display for the *prima donna* is merely a repetition of Lurline's first air ("Flow on, oh silver Rhine," in the same key as in Act I.—E major*), embellished with ornaments and "bravura" traits to show off the neatness and brilliancy of Miss Louisa Pyne's vocalisation. It brings down the curtain, however, with great animation, and is exactly fitted for the place it fills at the end of an opera, which, independently of its intrinsic merits, is the most successful dramatic work of a deservedly successful composer.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THIS very important institution, for the interests of music inaugurated its public proceedings for the present year with its first concert of the season, in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, when that spacious saloon was crowded by a most elegant assembly, among whose numbers were nearly all the most eminent musicians at present in London. The most powerful rivalry, if not the only one with which the Council of the Society have to contend, is the reputation of the series of performances during 1859, which were so remarkable and so eminently meritorious that they will be difficult to equal and almost impossible to surpass, while still they prompt most sanguine expectations as to what interesting matter a second series may furnish. A most happy augury for the success of the coming performances is the retention of Mr. Alfred Mellon in the office of conductor; and the general sense of the members of the high value of this arrangement was loudly expressed in the enthusiasm which greeted the appearance of that excellent artist at his post in the orchestra. A band over which this able director has to preside, is almost entirely the same as that of last year, the only very slight changes that have been made being yet further to strengthen its universally pronounced efficiency. The policy which drew great credit to the management of the Council of last year, as proving the liberal principles of the Society, and the active zeal of the executive in carrying these into operation,—the policy of including in each performance some work little known, and entirely new to a London audience,—was proved still to influence the arrangements, by the very interesting programme of this initial concert, and we may safely infer, from the indication thus given of the intentions for the future, that the concerts of 1860 may bear comparison even with those of the previous year, and still be felt to have realised the first object of the Musical Society, in having tended to the yet further advancement of music in England. The concert opened with Robert Schumann's overture to Tieck's historical tragedy of *Genoveva*, played, to the best of our belief, for the first time in London. The romantic story this composition illustrates,—of the Count's repudiation of his guiltless wife, of her despairing flight from the effects of his jealous fury, of her concealment in the forest, of her inability to nourish her infant, of his being suckled by a doe, of the Count's wounding the wild nurse of his child while on a hunting party, of his tracking his prey to its covert, and there finding the exiled *Genoveva* and her son, of his ascertaining her innocence, and of receiving her, pure and faithful, to his remorseful heart, furnishes wide scope for the

poetical qualities of the musician, and calls in exercise the loftiest powers of passionate expression. It is the well-known characteristic of the class of musicians with whom Schumann is associated, and of the style of criticism of which he is the best ornament, unduly to exalt the ideal above the technical—unmindful that while ideality is essential to artistic production, music must be music in order to bring it within the range of art, and that unless we be moved by the effect of the elemental beauty of a composition, we can have no perception of its poetical purport. The first hearing of the present work, however, agreeably impresses us with a clearer idea of its technical design, and a more definite sense of its musical interest, than almost any other production on the scale of its author; it must be admitted that it approaches not, in its intrinsic merit, the great characteristic overtures of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, and that it neither equals these masterpieces in its power of suggesting the features of the subject it is designed to illustrate; still, it amply proves the thoughtful mind, the deep musical feeling, and the mastery of the artistic resources of the composer, and we expect that all these qualities will be made yet more manifest to general appreciation, by the repeated hearing of this effort of his genius. Compared with that of the overture of Gade, and of the immensely interesting symphony of Schubert, at the concerts of last season, the reception of the overture to *Genoveva*, on Wednesday, may be considered as bordering on enthusiasm; and we trust its success on this occasion may induce its repetition on some future series of concerts. A knowledge of this work must prompt respect for the composer, if it fail to awaken admiration of his production.

Herr Reichardt sang the aria of Adolar, in *Euryanthe*, which was assigned to Mr. Sims Reeves in one of last year's programmes, with a dramatic feeling, an animation, an excellence of vocal delivery, and a general good effect, that brought out beauties which before were wholly unrevealed in this charming specimen of Weber's too-little-known opera. The introductory symphony for wind instruments to this piece was not so perfectly executed as most of the music of the evening,—a misfortune attributable to the fact of the song having been substituted, without rehearsal, for one which Signor Belletti was prevented from singing by sudden illness.

A concertino in D, by Ernst (an honorary member of the Society), which we do not remember to have been played by the composer in England, was executed by Mr. Blagrove in a manner which surprised even the admirers of this gentleman's talent. Not only was his performance marked by the exquisite beauty, the perfection of finish, and the purity of intonation, which are his justly acknowledged qualities as a violinist, but it was equally distinguished by an amount of passion such as he rarely displays, and it raised his high artistic character in the estimation of all who heard it. The cordial and spontaneous applause throughout and at the close of the concertino was a worthy tribute to the great merit of the executant.

The admirable dramatic scene of Madame Ankastrome in the third act of Auber's *Gustave*, a piece as new to a concert-room as it was thoroughly welcome, was excellently sung by Mdlle. Parepa, one of the best of our present English vocalists. This lady has come forward as a concert singer at a fortunate moment for the public and for herself. Now that Mad. Clara Novello and Mad. Lemmens Sherrington are both away from London, our public performances would be sadly deficient without the fine voice and good style of Mdlle. Parepa, and she would have less opportunity to prove her ability were those two merited favourites here to share her chances of public applause. The selection of this clever song was a suitable compliment to its author (one of the Society's honorary members), and a good refutation of the silly prejudice that would exclude Auber from the rank of first-class composers.

Sterndale Bennett's overture, *The Wood Nymphs*, was a revival that must have gratified every disinterested lover of art, and must have made everyone who is interested in the progress of art among us truly proud of their countryman. Too long, indeed, is it since this beautiful work has been heard in public, but not so long that its exquisite traits have passed from the memory of those whom they once delighted; not so long but that

* We should have preferred the finale in D major, the key of the overture. "Pourquoi?" Mr. Wallace will ask, and we shall be at a loss to answer him. *Nous ne savons pas*; but we should have preferred it. *Voilà-tout*.

everyone who remembered its charming effect rejoiced to hear it again. Twenty years have passed since the then prolific author produced this, the last of his three admirable concert-ouvertures; these twenty years have not sufficed for sound critics to determine whether this, or its predecessors, the *Naiades* and *Parisina*, is the best; each has its individuality, while all are peculiar to the composer, and all have pre-eminent excellence; and our only regret, in bearing testimony to their beauty, arises from the consideration that thrice as long a period as elapsed between the creation of the first and last of these has been insufficient for the production of a companion to them from the same source. The purely musical beauty of this work vies with its picturesque and fanciful imagery to charm the sense and delight the intelligence; and while there exists nothing that does more honour to our artistic character as a nation than the emanation of this masterpiece from one of our countrymen, there exists but very few works which more brightly adorn the art itself. The good effect of the performance would have been much increased had the marks of ritenuto been less rigidly observed, which the composer has too profusely inserted in his score; they induce an interruption of the continuous character of the whole, and thus take from the spirit and the animation which naturally belong to the composition.

Up to this point, the close of the first part, the place of Mr. Mellon (whose absence was compelled by the Queen's second visit to the performance of Mr. Wallace's *Lurline* at the Royal English Opera) was effectually filled by Mr. Henry Smart. The commencement of the second part was delayed till Mr. Mellon's arrival from the theatre, when Spohr's symphony, *The Power of Sound*, was performed in memory of the illustrious composer. One of the greatest successes of last year's concerts was the remarkable rendering of this excessively intricate and difficult work, which till then had never, save under the author's direction, had an approximation to a perfect performance in England; the performance on that occasion was not an approximation, but an attainment of such perfection as would have enraptured the veteran master, could he have witnessed such a presentation of his most esteemed orchestral composition. Only less fully complete than that celebrated performance, but immeasurably surpassing every other attempt, was the justice rendered to the symphony on Wednesday evening. Spohr, too, was an honorary member of the Musical Society, and the honour the institution received by the enrolment of his glorious name, was worthily reflected by the tribute paid to his greatness in such an interpretation as this was of his masterpiece. Each movement might have been supposed metaphorically to picture some aspect of the artist's career, or of his relation with the world—his struggles as a student, the dawning and the acknowledgment of his genius, the penetration of its influence into the homes and hearts of men, his triumph on the attainment of the pinnacle of his greatness, his own meek estimation of this and of its derivation, the sorrow of mankind for his loss, and our consolation in the possession in the treasures he has left us—some of the most noble examples of the *Weih der Töne*.

Mdlle. Parepa appeared to less advantage than in Auber's scena, in the aria from *Robert le Diable*, "*Idole de ma vie*" a second impromptu substitution, in consequence of Signor Belletti's illness. Although possessing immense compass and great volubility of voice, this lady has not the finished execution with which Madame Dorus Gras made this song familiar to London audiences; she sings the last movement quicker, and with less of the pointed distinctness which gave a peculiar charm to her predecessor's rendering. As another honorary member of the Society, Meyerbeer will receive better justice when some other of his compositions are chosen for performances.

Rossini (also one of the Society's honorary members) received his homage in the selection of his overture to *La Siege de Corinthe*, the sparkling brilliancy of which was spiritedly brought out in the glittering performance. And thus closed the concert, which was as creditable to the Society as it was obviously interesting to the large proportion of its fifteen hundred musician members who were present.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN DURHAM.

(From a Correspondent.)

WAS it, we wonder, a real love of music which drew together, on Tuesday and Wednesday last—under the roof of the New Markets—so many hundreds of the inhabitants of this city and the neighbourhood. There must have been a strong attraction in some direction; for despite the weather, which could not have been scarcely more unfavourable, we have seldom seen in this city audiences so numerous, or who appeared so thoroughly to appreciate the entertainment which had been provided for them. The large building was fitted with heating apparatus, matting, &c., kindly lent by the Dean and Chapter of Durham Cathedral, to ensure the comfort and convenience of the patrons &c., during the festival. The following is a list of patrons, viz:—His Grace the Duke of Cleveland, The Most Noble Frances Anne, Marchioness of Londonderry, The Right Rev. Lord Bishop of Durham, The Earl of Durham, The Earl of Scarborough, Viscount and Viscountess Boyne, Sir William Eden, Bart., Lady Eden, The Solicitor General, The Very Rev. The Dean of Durham, The Ven. Archdeacon Thorpe, The Worshipful The Mayor of Durham, Rev. Canon Edwards, Lady Williamson, Lord A. V. Tempest, M. P., The Right Hon. J. R. Mowbray, M. P., The High Sheriff, H. Fenwick, Esq., M. P., Colonel Stobart, S. Rowlandson, Esq., and E. Peele, Esq., &c. &c. &c.

On Tuesday evening, *Judas Maccabeus* was performed, and we heard but one opinion—that it was highly creditable to all concerned. The larger portion of the band and chorus were selected from the Bradford Festival Choral Society, including those who had the honour of performing at Buckingham Palace, before Her Majesty, a short time ago, assisted by efficient local talent. The principal singers were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Hiles, Miss Illingsworth, Miss Wheeler and Miss Pringle, and Messrs Walker, Bates, Ashton, Lambert, and Heming, of the Durham Cathedral Choir, and Mr. D. Lambert, of St. George's Chapel Royal, Windsor. The band was led by Mr. T. Smith, of York; and Mr. Burton presided at the organ and pianoforte. The organ, which was built for the occasion, is a very fine instrument, and was very effective in the choruses. Mr. Jackson, who has gained some celebrity as a composer of oratorio music, was conductor, and Mr. Kaye, director. The performance of *Judas Maccabeus*, as we have already said, was highly creditable, to all parties concerned, and gave every satisfaction to numerous audiences. The choruses were given with a breadth, precision, and effect, that would have done credit to a band of more pretensions. Mr. D. Lambert (Simon) sang the recitative and air for the bass, "I feel the deity within"—"Arm, arm, ye brave," with fine effect, and was very successful in "The Lord worketh wonders," the florid runs of which were clear and distinct. Mr. Ashton was much applauded in the recitative and air "Tis well, my friends"—"Call forth thy powers," and showed the capabilities of his voice in "Sound an alarm." Miss Hiles sang "From mighty kings," and "Shall the lute," with ease and purity of tone. Miss Illingsworth and Miss Wheeler also sang their parts very judiciously, and Mr. Lambert, senior, gave "Rejoice, O Judah," with much effect. The performance was brought to a close at eleven o'clock, half-an-hour after the time announced, in consequence of the never-to-be-sufficiently-reprobated practice of indiscriminate encoring, which is especially out of place in oratorios.

On Wednesday morning, the *Messiah* (as usual) attracted an immense assemblage of persons from the adjoining towns and villages, as well as all the principal families of the city and neighbourhood. The choruses were very good, the voices keeping well together, and manifesting the great advantages of practice. We cannot say as much for the band, which was very often at loggerheads, and running a race for supremacy. The brass instruments, on the one hand, loudly claimed almost exclusive attention, and the violins and violoncellos were continually treading on each other's heels. Nevertheless, there is an excuse in the fact that the instrumentalists were not accustomed to play together, and some were out of their element altogether in such music as Handel's *chef-d'œuvre*. Mr. Ashton sang "Comfort ye" and "Every valley" in excellent style; his best and most successful effort, however, was in "Thou shalt dash them." Mr. Lambert, senior, a general favourite in Durham, was much applauded in "Behold, darkness," the accompaniments of which were played with precision by the band. Of the three young ladies, we may say that they sang their music correctly and in tune; that Miss Wheeler has a good voice, that Miss Pickles ought not to attempt a shake till she can execute one, and that Miss Illingsworth was passable. Mrs. Sunderland sang the opening recitatives very impressively. Her triumph was in "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Mrs. Sunderland's voice is as clear and resonant as ever, and if there is a change at all in her singing, it is, that she sings with greater fervour. "Why do the nations" was sung in such a manner by Mr. D. Lambert as amply to justify the good

opinions entertained of him; he also gave the recitative and air "Behold I tell you a mystery," and "The trumpet shall sound," which elicited the warm applause of the audience. The organist, Mr. Burton, presided in a talented manner, and Mr. Jackson, the conductor, displayed good tact in keeping together his instrumentalists. The whole performance went off well, and gave great satisfaction to the crowded assemblage.

On Wednesday evening, the building was again visited by a very large and respectable company, when the following miscellaneous programme was gone through:—

PART I.

Madrigal, "Since first I saw your face"	Ford.
Madrigal, "Down in a flowery vale"	Festa.
Song, Mrs. Sunderland, "Why, my harp"	Bellini.
Part-Song, "Awake the starry midnight hour"	Mendelssohn.
Song, Mr. D. Lambert, "The village blacksmith"	Weiss.
Part-Song, "O, could I with fancy stray"	Hatton.
Part-Song, "The dawn of day"	Reay.
Song, Mrs. Sunderland, "Merrily o'er the snow"	Schlösser.
Glee and Chorus, "The sisters of the sea"	Jackson.

PART II.

Part-Song, "The wreath"	Benedict.
Madrigal, "I saw lovely Phillis"	Pearsall.
Song, Mrs. Sunderland, "Captive Greek girl"	Hobbs.
Part-Song, "Oh, hills! O, vales of pleasure"	Mendelssohn.
Song, Mr. D. Lambert, "I'm a roamer"	Mendelssohn.
Part-Song, "Pack clouds away"	Jackson.
Duet, Miss Illingworth and Miss Pickles, "I heard a voice"	Glover.
Madrigal, "In the merry spring"	Ravenscroft.
Chorus à la Valse (organ accompaniment), "Oh, the flowery month of June"	Jackson.
Finale, "God save the Queen."	

The choir in the part-songs elicited frequent encores. In Bellini's song, "Why, my harp," Mrs. Sunderland's singing charmed the audience, and she won an *undeniable* encore in "The captive Greek girl," with a repetition of which she favoured the audience. Mr. David Lambert sang Weiss's popular song, "The village blacksmith," with great force, and enhanced his reputation with his Durham friends: he was encored. The concert gave great satisfaction, and the Festival, on the whole, was, in every point of view, decidedly successful. Great credit is due to Mr. Thomas Kaye, director and manager, and we have no doubt that the endeavours to popularise the performances by adopting a moderate scale of prices has had much to do with the result.

LEICESTER.—(From a Correspondent).—A concert of Handel's music was given by the New Philharmonic Society, in connection with Mr. Nicholson's cheap series, on Monday evening. The attendance, considering the badness of the weather, was large. The pieces selected were the *Dettingen Te Deum*, and portions of the *Messiah*. The former piece has never been given before in Leicester, and must, therefore, have been new to a large majority of the audience. Mr. Nicholson is deserving of much credit, for bringing such a masterpiece of sacred music within the reach of the whole of a population which has always been distinguished for its musical taste. The execution of the choruses reflected the highest credit on the performers. The chorus, "To Thee, cherubim and seraphim," was finely given. In the quartet and chorus, "The glorious company of the apostles," the vocal parts were sustained by Miss Jackson, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Sills, and Mr. Christian. Mr. Briggs sang the bass solos, and Mr. Oldershaw the solo, "When thou took'st upon Thee." The trio, "Thou sittest at the right hand of God," was well sustained by Messrs. Harrison, Wood, and Christian. The performance of the *Te Deum* occupied exactly one hour. The selections from the *Messiah* were "Comfort ye my people," "Every valley," "And the glory of the Lord," "For behold darkness," "The people that walked," the "Wonderful" chorus, "Behold I tell you a mystery," "The trumpet shall sound," and the Hallelujah chorus. Mr. Sansome sang "Comfort ye," and Mr. Briggs, in his allotted parts, fully sustained his reputation; but the precision which characterised the choruses exceeded anything ever heard in Leicester before. At the conclusion of "The trumpet shall sound," in which Mr. Harper fairly excelled himself, the audience instinctively broke out into loud and long applause. The air, however, was very properly not repeated, and the Hallelujah chorus brought the concert to a close, soon after ten o'clock. We should state that the principal instrumentalists were Messrs. Harper, Farmer, Gill, Selby, Weston, Smith, &c., &c. Mr. Nicholson conducted.—*Leicester Journal*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SCOTCHMAN.—The papers have not come to hand.
J. A. J.'s "trite" communication will receive attention next week.

A. W. (Hanover).—Next time.

F. S. C.—Next time.

ARTIST (Brighton).—We believe there are three in all, but will make inquiries.

CHARLES MCKORKELL.—Next time.

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THE MUSICAL WORLD.

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WE believe it is still to be decided whether it is an advantage or a disadvantage for a composer to have good verses to set to music. Many composers seem to prefer bad ones, but perhaps they have no choice in the matter, for we have very few poets in the present day who know how to write tolerable songs. In "comic operas," we mean those in which singing and speaking occur alternately, the well-known rule, laid down by a writer who had too much wit to conform to it himself, is that which is too stupid to be spoken should be sung; and some of our English librettists seem to have improved upon this, and to have concluded that nothing ought to be sung except what is too stupid to be spoken. According to this precept then, grand operas, in which there is no speaking at all, ought to be stupid from beginning to end, and we confess that when we heard that *Lurline* was to be a grand opera, we expected to find the libretto one mass of nonsense, more or less melodious. But we reckoned without Mr. Fitzball, who laughs at rules, and who in *Lurline* has produced a poem which, in many respects, must be considered a masterpiece. We know that Mr. Fitzball's "book" has been sneered at by a large portion of the press, and that a number of critics, without taste or learning, pretend to have discovered faults in it. But nothing is more easy than to point out trifling errors in a work of high imagination, and it is usually found that those critics who are most apt at detecting flaws, are also the most insensible to great beauties. Dryden has expressed this tersely enough in the following couplet:

"Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow,
He who would search for pearls must dive below."

In *Lurline* it is especially necessary to "dive below," because all the most remarkable portion of the opera takes place at the bottom of the Rhine; it is in the "halls of liquid crystal" where Rhineberg dwells, in the "coral cave" of *Lurline* herself, and in the "opal shells" of her attendant nymphs, that we must look for our poetic pearls.

What first strikes us in the subaquatic scenes of *Lurline*, is not the novelty of introducing coral, which is a marine product, in the bed of a river, nor any other of those details which have fixed the attention of the undistinguishing critics who contribute to the columns of our daily and weekly contemporaries; it is the fine use Mr. Fitzball makes of supernatural machinery, and the manner in which he has abolished, once and for ever, the limits which formerly

separated the different regions of spirits. The learned and ingenious Paracelsus divided the world of spirits into four great kingdoms, corresponding to the four elements into which the ancient philosophers divided the material world. The gnomes inhabited the earth, not as Mr. Fitzball and we, ourselves, inhabit it, but dwelling in the bowels thereof, usually in the heart of a mountain, and with a marked preference for volcanoes. The air was peopled by sylphs, elfs, and fairies of all kinds. The water was the home of nixes and undines; and in the fire lived salamanders, whom the superstitious think to have been a species of devils, it being a well-established fact that devils are of so chilly a temperament that they can only exist with comfort in an atmosphere of flames. Some say that Paracelsus invented the salamanders because he was determined, while he was about it, to make his system complete. At all events, the salamander is not the hero of any popular tale or tradition, whereas the spirits of the earth, the air, and the water, appear in innumerable legends; and this has led to another theory, that trees, rivers, and rocks or stones, to all of which the ancient Germans sacrificed, were the true habitations respectively of the fairies or wood-nymphs, the nixes or water-nymphs, and the gnomes or dwarves, and that no other spirits than those just named (the ghosts of humanity excepted) can be considered genuine. The swan-nymphs are usually classed with the nixes, but they alone had the capacity of living in two elements; the delicate little fairies would have been drowned if they had attempted to visit the water-nymphs in the rivers, and suffocated if they had joined the gnomes in the mines, nor could gnomes live with water-nymphs, or water-nymphs with gnomes. Now to Mr. Fitzball belongs the merit of changing all this. He has understood that it is as easy to exist without air in one place as in another, and if a being—say Mr. Corri or any one else—could live in a state of interment, he could live in a state of submersion. Accordingly he makes his gnomes and his water-nymphs reside together at the bottom of the Rhine, where they form a sort of spiritual happy family; and thus the poet enlarges the realms of romance, and shows the way to new and endless combinations of the supernatural.

Mark, too, how Mr. Fitzball has treated the character of Rhineberg; and in the first place observe his name, Rhineberg; berg means mountains; gnomes liked to live at the foot of a mountain, and the gnome Zelig is always "crouching" at the feet of Rhineberg! Then how human this Rhineberg is. Other poets, when they introduce spirits, make them speak not like people of our own species, but like beings of quite a different order. Rhineberg, however, though a marine monster, is as eloquent about a "father's love" as a parishioner of Marylebone who has just been registering the birth of his first little boy.

Cowley, in a letter to a friend, says: "You tell me that you do not know whether Persius be a great poet, because you do not understand him." If any one says this about Mr. Fitzball, we can only reply that he humanises monsters, and breaks down the barriers which once separated the earth from the water.

PANTAGRUEL was fast asleep, happy as if he had swallowed the wondrous narcotic of Monte Christo, made up after the Old Man of the Mountain's own prescription. For he thought he was Paris passing judgment on the three goddesses, who were exact likenesses of ———, we need not

say whom, for we know that our readers are fully capable of filling up the blank. While he was rolling his eyes this way and that, wondering whether M. W., M. T., or L. T.—Juno, Pallas, or Venus—best deserved the prize, the golden apple suddenly slipped from his hands, and began bounding upon the ground like a *gutta percha* ball, making all the time such an odd noise that the goddesses at last melted away, and the mighty Pantagruel awoke. The lovely forms were gone, but the noise remained; for there was such an unseemly knocking over head, that Pantagruel thought a whole committee of spirit-rappers had hired Panurge's bedroom for the purpose of holding a full board.

So, being in an angry mood, he took his night-lamp and walked up-stairs till he reached the door of the offending apartment.

"Worshippers of the devil!" roared Pantagruel, "why do ye make such an infernal disturbance at this time of night? If you must summon the shades of departed fools, why didn't you furnish them with gloves, that their hard knuckles might sound less loudly upon your accursed table. Deal with all the fiends and ghosts of Tartarus if you will, for I know the bottom of the bottomless pit will not throw up rascals more damnable than yourselves, but, miscreants as ye are! dare not to disturb my slumbers, or there shall be such a rapping of spirits as never was since the fall of Lucifer."

"It's only me, master," squeaked Panurge.

"Respect Lindley Murray, thou slave! if thou carest not for me,—and at least say 'it is only I,'" retorted Pantagruel. "But what the devil art thou doing? I know thou art not the man to call about thee a mob of fleshless, penniless ghosts that could not lend thee a farthing. Let me hope at least that thou art making thy own coffin, and intend to be buried in it to-morrow."

"I am investing my property," squeaked Panurge; "but walk in, an thou wilt, for the door is neither locked nor bolted."

Furiously did Pantagruel open the door, but he soon stood still and gazed with much curiosity, for there was Panurge fastening a thin sixpence to the wall, with a nail as thick as a skewer, which he struck with the end of the poker, looking all the while as grave and as wise as if he were making some singular philosophical experiment. And on other parts of the wall were nailed sundry other coins, all of small value,—silver three-pences, fourpenny-bits, rusty farthings,—with a pewter medal or two for the sake of variety and ornament.

"Expound the meaning of this stupendous foolery," bellowed Pantagruel, but his voice and his countenance were not half so angry as his words, for he was really amused to see the ugly face of Panurge wear an aspect of such exceeding gravity, and anxious to know the purpose of his strange operations.

"Look ye now," said Panurge, "I am acting on the advice of Watts" —

"Dr. Watts?" asked Pantagruel. "Art thou fancying thyself a little busy bee? when thou art infinitely more like a blue-bottle, making much noise to no profit."

"Not Dr. Watts—but Watts Phillips," proceeded Pantagruel, "who hath written a play called *Paper Wings*, which was brought out to-night at the Adelphi. Now this same play is not only distinguished by remarkably fine acting on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Wigan, but it abounds in so many wise precepts, that I can only compare it to the *Hitopadesa*, which the Gentoo nurse read to me in my infancy."

"Gentoo nurse, ignoramus!" thundered Pantagruel,—"Who

talks of Gentoos now-a-days?—Can'st thou not say 'Aya,' like a gentleman, when I have paid for thy admission into the upper gallery of the Haymarket, in order that thou mightest pick up Oriental lore from Tom Taylor's *Overland Route*?"

"Let me go on," said Panurge, humbly. "The passages in this play, whereof I speak, warned me, through three long acts, against the danger of ordinary investments. The good man and the bad man, the stock-broker and the clerk, the housemaid and the footman, however they might differ in other particulars, all united against banks, shares, and paper representatives of value. And shall I let all this wisdom be poured into my ears for nothing? Not I, forsooth." And so saying he dealt a mighty blow at the nail, that made the whole street echo, and caused the policeman in the neighbouring square to pause in the pursuit of a little boy, who had been taking a sight at him from behind the lamp-post.

"No," continued Panurge; "I will be ruined by beer, I will be brought to starvation by tobacco; yea, oceans shall roll over my treasury, but my money shall never have paper wings, now I am counselled by Watts Phillips. Here it all standeth—it is not much—but, nevertheless, here, I say, it standeth an unimpeachable testimony to the moral utility of the stage, that I trust will be found perfectly satisfactory by the whole bench of bishops."

M^DLE. PICCOLOMINI is said to have been recently married in Dublin to an Italian nobleman.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—This great establishment opens with *Der Freischütz*. The novelty of the season will be Félicien David's grand opera, *Hercule*.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION will repeat Mendelssohn's psalm, "Hear my prayer, O God!" on Thursday evening, at St. James's Hall, with M^dle. Parepa and choir of 200 voices. Miss Arabella Goddard will perform Handel's "Harmonious blacksmith," and Benedict's "Where the bee sucks."

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Last evening, *Judas Maccabæus* was performed, with Miss Parepa, Miss Banks, Miss Laura Baxter, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Montem Smith, and Signor Belletti as principal vocalists. Particulars next week.

MYDDLETON HALL MONDAY EVENING CONCERTS.—At the fourth concert, on Monday last, when the following artists were engaged:—Mesdames Cooper, Woodward, Paget, and Fanny Reeves; Messrs. G. A. Cooper, G. C. Rowland, and Elliot Galer; pianist, Mrs. Seymour.—Mr. Frank Mori conducted. The first part of the programme comprised selections from the sacred works of Mendelssohn, Haydn, Handel, and Rossini; the second part was miscellaneous. Mr. Elliot Galer sang Handel's "Deeper and deeper still," eliciting a loud encore. He also received the same compliment in a new song by Lutz, "Under the linden tree." Miss Fanny Reeves (a great favourite at these concerts) was encored in Mr. Frank Mori's new ballad, "Where art thou wandering, little child?" Miss Woodward, Miss Paget, and Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Cooper all acquitted themselves to the entire satisfaction of the audience.

HERR MAURICE NABICH, a celebrated soloist on that rather unwieldy and decidedly inconvenient instrument, the trombone, and who first made his appearance some years ago at one of the New Philharmonic Concerts with such eminent success, gave a *soirée* on Tuesday last, at Willis's Rooms, assisted by Madame Rudersdorff, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Herr De Becker, the "Islington German (!) Gesang Verein," Herr Pauer, M. Papé, and Mr. Svensden, with Sig. Randegger and Herr Ganz as conductors. The *bénéficiaire's* performances were an arrangement of the grand septet from *Lucia*, for trombone and pianoforte, David's concertino, in which, we believe, he made his *début*, and some other solo, whose title did not transpire. His pure tone and singular command over the instrument elicited universal admiration. Mr. Svensden's flute solo was encored, and all the vocal pieces gave much satisfaction.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

Lurline increases in attraction, and the management has announced its performance nightly up to the end of the season. No curtailments have been deemed necessary, or, perhaps, found practicable. The performance, as a matter of course, is smoother than on the first night, and thereby considerably abbreviated.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

DR. WYLDE has this year again taken the field early, and again taken the initiative in the great classic performances of the season. The director and conductor of the New Philharmonic Concerts has issued his prospectus, but stands pledged to nothing definite. He intimates persistence in his former course of administration, and proclaims non-interference with the open policy of the Musical Society of London, especially that part of it which holds out a protective hand to the British musician. The first concert of the ninth season was given on Monday evening week. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Overture (Abencerragen)	Cherubini.
Aria, "Parto, ma tu ben mio"	Mozart.
Concerto in E minor, violin and orchestra	Spohr.
Chorus (Ruins of Athens)	Beethoven.
Romanza ed Aria, "Einst trübmte," (Der Freischütz)	Weber.
Symphony in B flat	Beethoven.

PART II.

Concerto in G minor, pianoforte and orchestra	Mendelssohn.
Sarabanda e Gavotte, violoncello	Bach.
Madrigal, "In going to my lonely bed"	Edwardes, A.D. 1560.
Aria, "Batti, batti"	Mozart.
Overture (Ruler of the Spirits)	Weber.

Conductor—Dr. Wylde.

The only fault in the selection was the introduction of the two concertos, one of which should have been omitted, more particularly as there was another single instrument performance. Mr. H. Blagrove played the violin concerto, and M^dle. Marie Wiecke the pianoforte. The violin concerto—one of Spohr's noblest contributions to the instrument—was performed by Herr Joseph Joachim at one of the concerts of the Musical Society last year. It was at once correctly and brilliantly executed by Mr. Blagrove. M^dle. Marie Wiecke played Mendelssohn's concerto with immense vigour, exhibiting something akin to her sister's manner, but wanting the poetical depth and energy of style which have been long recognised as the distinctive characteristics of Madame Clara Schumann's playing. Signor Piatti's execution of Bach's *Saraband and Gavotte*, was faultless.

The band has not deteriorated—that is a great matter. Beethoven's symphony—the irresistible No. 4—was splendidly executed, and called forth enthusiastic plaudits from the audience. The overtures were both finely played, and both welcome for different reasons, one as a new, the other as an old acquaintance.

Dr. Wylde, who is conducting with more and more intelligence and decision, comes forward again with a capital choir. The choral performances have constituted from the commencement an eminent attraction at the New Philharmonic Concerts. The two pieces given on Monday night went admirably, especially the wonderfully dramatic chorus from the *Ruins of Athens*. Edwardes' madrigal was encored.

M^dle. Parepa and Madame Rudersdorff were the solo vocalists. The last-named lady appeared to supply the place of Signor Belletti, who was prevented from attending by illness, and gave both her songs with great power and great expression. The clarinet *obbligato* in Mozart's air was played by M. Papé; and the viola *obbligato* to the romanza from *Der Freischütz*, by Mr. R. Blagrove. Few are more successful than Madame Rudersdorff in the interpretation of strong emotions; and this is the reason why she is better than any one else we have heard in this country in the *finale* from Mendelssohn's unfinished opera, *Lorely*. M^dle. Parepa is making ground fast with the public. She is a brilliant *bravura* singer, and has a clear penetrating soprano voice, with plenty of power. She came late

having to sing in *Sonnambula* at Covent Garden, but not too late to achieve a triumph, which she did in a most unmistakable manner, both her songs being applauded with enthusiasm.

The attendance was very large, and Dr. Wyld was honoured at the beginning and at the end with the customary ovations.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Two concerts have been given since we last wrote about musical doings at the Crystal. One took place on Saturday, the 18th ultimo, and was signalled by the first appearance this season of Mdlle. Piccolomini, whose attractive power appears as great as ever. Nearly five thousand people went out on a raw uncomfortable day, to hear the popular little lady warble some of her pet tunes. The new music hall was besieged at every point of access, and hundreds were content to remain standing during the entire performance, within reach of the faintest echo of the singer's voice. Mdlle. Piccolomini sang six times, and was encored four, all her solos being repeated. She gave "Vedrai carino," a new valse "Il bacio," written for her by Signor Ardit; the brindisi from *La Traviata*; the duet "La ci darem," with Signor Aldighieri; the duet, "Sulla tomba" (*Lucia*), with Signor Belart; and Martini's laughing trio, "Vadasi via di qua," with Signor Belart and Aldighieri. Signor Belart, in addition, sang the romanza "Maria Sperando" from the *Figlia*, and the air "Ecco ridente" from the *Barbiere*. The first was charming, the latter wanted more breadth and power of voice. Signor Aldighieri does not overflow with humour. His "Largo al factotum" is not humorous. The band, under the direction of Signor Ardit, played the overture to *Martha*; and Signor Giraldoni played a fantasia on the contra-basso.

At the concert last Saturday, Mdlle. Parepa, who had not appeared at the Crystal Palace since she was a member of Mr. Gye's Italian troupe, was the vocal star. She sang a scena by Benedict, and the "Shadow song," from *Dinorah*, both with great brilliancy. The latter was encored, and Mdlle. Parepa repeated the *coda*. Miss Lascelles sang the contralto song from *Dinorah*, "Fanciulle che il core," and joined Mdlle. Parepa in Mendelssohn's two part-songs, "I would that my love" and "May Bells," both of which were taken too slowly.

Miss Lascelles was announced to sing Balfé's "Reaper and the Flowers," but Mr. Manns apologised for the lady, who was suffering from hoarseness. The symphony was Haydn's in G, one of the best. The *minuetto* contains as bold and extraordinary syncopation as anything which Beethoven has written, and the work generally has less of the antique about it than many of the composer's orchestral compositions of this class. It was well played, as, indeed, were the accompaniments throughout the programme. The brothers Louis and Adolph Ries (violin and pianoforte) joined in a duet by Wolff and Vieuxtemps on *Don Giovanni*, and each played the first movement of a concerto, that for the pianoforte by Ferdinand Ries, and that for the violin by Félicien David. M. Hector Berlioz's fanciful "Carnaval Romain" overture brought the concert to a conclusion, to quote a Sunday contemporary, with due clangour.

To-day, Mendelssohn's operetta, *Son and Stranger*, will be performed entire.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—The second concert took place on Thursday evening week, when, notwithstanding the counter-attraction at Covent Garden—it being the first night of Mr. Wallace's new opera—St. Martin's Hall was crowded in every part. The selection comprised—madrigal (Dowland), "Fine knacks for ladies," part-song (S. Reay), "The clouds that wrap the setting sun," madrigal (Weelkes), "Welcome, sweet pleasure," madrigal (T. Morley), "What saith my dainty darling," part-songs, for small voices, "Evening" (Henry Leslie), and "The arrow and the song" (Macfarren); solo and chorus (Purcell), "Come, if you dare," madrigal (G. Croce), "Cynthia, thy song and chanting," glee (W. Horsley), "See the chariot at hand," madrigal (Wilbye), "Stay, Corydon," part-song (Benedict), "Home, sweet home," glee (J. Elliott), "The bee, when varying flowers are nigh," part-song (F. Mori), "Welcome,

heavenly peace," part-song, for male voices (Mendelssohn), "Eastern drinking song," cradle-song (H. Smart), "Lullaby, the winds are singing," and madrigal (Saville), "The Waits." A more admirable selection Mr. Leslie never gave at any former concert. Every piece was applauded, and encores were awarded to Weelkes' fine madrigal, "Welcome, sweet pleasure," to Mr. Leslie's part-song for male voices; to Horsley's glee, "See, the chariot at hand," to Mr. Benedict's part-song, "Home, sweet home," and to Elliott's glee. Mr. Macfarren's part-song, "The arrow and the song"—one of the most beautiful and masterly things in the selection—was loudly applauded, and might have been repeated without any strain on the inclinations of the audience. Several of the pieces were given for the first time by the choir, whose performance was entitled to the highest praise in almost every instance. In the course of the first part Mr. J. C. Ward executed Spohr's fugue in C on the organ.

MR. RANSFORD'S ANNUAL CONCERT.—That old favourite of the public, Mr. Ransford, gave his annual concert on Tuesday evening, at St. James's Hall, to one of the most crowded audiences of the season. It was his first appearance in public since the severe accident which so disabled him from giving his nautical entertainment, announced some time back under the title of "The Tales of the Sea." The *beneficiaire* sang, with great spirit, Dibdin's "Tom Tough," with other of his popular ballads, in his usual vigorous and manly style, and, with his daughter, the duet, "Oh, tell me, gentle stranger," which was loudly encored. Mr. and Mrs. Weiss sang solos each, and a duet. Miss M. Collins gave the ballad of "Tripping down the lane." Miss Ransford afforded her admirers an opportunity of hearing her sweet and powerful voice in an Italian aria, and one or two English songs. Miss Palmer, Miss Leffler, Mad. Vinning, Miss Laura Baxter, with several other singers, likewise gave specimens of their vocal abilities. Miss Arabella Goddard performed Benedict's fantasia, "Where the bee sucks," with brilliant success. She afterwards played a new and brilliant fantasia, by Ascher, on the "Shadow song" from *Dinorah*, which was one of the gems of the concert. It was unanimously encored. Mr. Viotti Collins gave "La Clochette" in first-rate style. Messrs. Lazarus on the clarinet; Pratten, on the flute; and Blagrove, on the concertina, executed solos. A portion of the band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr. C. Godfrey, performed several popular *morceaux*. The concert afforded great satisfaction to Mr. Ransford's numerous patrons.

LONDON QUINTET UNION.—This new society, under the direction of Mr. Willy, gave the first of a series of four concerts, at St. Martin's Hall, on Tuesday evening. The members of the Union comprise, in addition to Mr. Willy, Mr. Westlake (second violin), Mr. Webb (tenor), Mr. Pettit (violin-cello), Mr. Reynolds (contra-basso), and Mr. Maycock (clarinet). The instrumental part of the programme of Tuesday's concert included two quintets by Onslow—A minor, Op. 34, and D, Op. 18; Mozart's pianoforte quartet in E flat; and Weber's clarinet quintet in B flat. One of the quintets of Onslow might have advantageously made way for Beethoven, Spohr, or Mendelssohn. Mr. Willy, probably, has some special object in view which inclines him to favour this semi-Gallic composer. We infer this, not merely from the two quintets of Onslow given at the first concert, but from two others being announced for the next. "Verily," as a morning contemporary observes, in an execrable pun, "this favour shown to Onslow is not the way for the London Quintet Union to get 'on fast.'" Mr. Willy and his coadjutors did their utmost to recommend them to the hearers. There was applause certainly, but the applause was bestowed rather on the excellent playing than on the music. Weber's quartet is brilliantly written for the clarinet, but by no means an inspiration. Mr. Maycock played capitally, exhibiting fine execution and a clear sound tone. Mozart's quartet was the instrumental gem of the evening, and executed à merveille by Miss Arabella Goddard, Messrs. Willy, Webb, and Pettit. The last movement elicited a round of applause. Miss Goddard also performed Benedict's sparkling and admirably effective fantasia, "Where the bee sucks," with wonderful brilliancy and delicacy, and was honoured with a tumultuous recall. The vocal music, in consequence of the sudden indispo-

sition of Miss Lascelles, was restricted to two songs by Mr. Sims Reeves, "Adelaida," and "The last rose of summer," both of which he sang with consummate beauty of voice, and a taste and expression entirely his own. He was encored in both, but only returned to the platform to bow. We doubt if we ever heard Mr. Sims Reeves sing "Adelaida" more admirably. Miss Goddard accompanied him on the pianoforte, and by her expressive and perfect playing added materially to the effect. It was, indeed, a duet between two consummate singers. Mr. Lindsay Sloper accompanied Mr. Reeves in the Irish song, how well we need hardly say. The hall was well attended.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER'S CONCERT.—Mr. Howard Glover's Annual Morning Concert at Drury-Lane Theatre (crowded to the roof) was almost as long as the speech in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer unfolded, one by one, the items of his budget for 1860; but, as in the instance of that remarkable and eloquent address, the many things to be said were perfectly well said, and, moreover, as in Mr. Glover's case there was no "opposition," his success was unequivocal. The programme comprised upwards of 40 pieces, in the elucidation of which the majority of the musical talent now in London was called into request. To attempt anything like a description of such an entertainment (which required no fewer than four eminent conductors—Messrs. Benedict, Lindsay Sloper, F. Berger, and Alfred Mellon, besides Mr. Glover himself, to direct) would be out of the question. Enough that the regularity and skilful management which invariably distinguish these enormous musical "pasticcios" were as apparent as at former anniversaries. The only disappointment experienced was in the unavoidable absence, on account of indisposition, of Signor Belletti. We cannot even record the names of the singers, with Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper at the head of the head of the gentlemen, and Madlle. Pareja, Madame Rudersdorff, and Miss Palmer (our most rising "contralto") at the head of the ladies, much less glance, however rapidly, at the innumerable pieces set down for them. In addition to the plaintive and beautiful song to Shelley's stanza, "I arise from dreams of thee" (Mr. Sims Reeves), and two graceful and thoroughly charming new ballads, "A sweet good night," and "The violet" (Madame Rudersdorff), from the pen of the concert giver, the programme included his dramatic and vigorous overture to *Comala*. An efficient band being thus at disposal, one of Haydn's genial and masterly symphonies was also put down. There were several instrumental displays, among the rest a solo on the violin by Herr Molique, and another on the clarinet by Mr. Lazarus. Especial mention, however, is due to Mr. Glover's youthful and very clever pupil, Miss Emma Green, who, in Beethoven's first (and too much neglected) pianoforte concerto in C (with a masterly *cadenza* composed expressly for her by her instructor), exhibited a marked advance both in style and execution. Miss Green's talent is worth serious cultivation.

DEATH OF MR. HAYDN CORRI.—With regret we announce the demise, on Saturday, the 12th ult., of the above well-known and clever *artiste*, both as a composer and teacher of music, in Dublin, where he had been settled for many years. Mr. Corri was son of the celebrated Domenichino Corri, who composed the once popular opera of *The Travellers*, in which the elder Braham, in days of yore, used to excite the utmost enthusiasm by his splendid singing of "He was famed for deeds of arms," and was brother-in-law of Dussek. Mr. Haydn Corri held the responsible post of organist to the Cathedral in Dublin, Great Marlborough-street, for years, where many of his sacred works were performed. Cherubini was said, with what truth we will not vouch, to have intrusted Mr. H. Corri to arrange for the organ from the great score for orchestra, his famous Mass in D, composed for the Coronation of Charles the Tenth, and to supply an additional voice part, which he did to his entire satisfaction. Mr. Corri has left a numerous family, some of them occupying important positions in the musical world. His talented sons, Henry, Pat, and Master Corri, are well known to the theatrical and musical world. Mr. Corri died at the advanced age of seventy-five. He was beloved and respected by his numerous friends and pupils, who have heard of his death with deep regret.

WHY is Mrs. Howard Paul like a twenty pound note? Because she is the "double" of a "tenor."—*Punch*.

MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, February 29th.

If some old Roman had been thrown into a lethargic state for a few centuries, like the Sleeping Beauty, and by the stroke of some magician's wand suddenly transported to Paris, were he to wake up in one or other of the principal lyrical theatres, his astonishment would not be as great as we might expect; for he would find himself surrounded with all the splendour of the pagan ages. At the Théâtre-Lyrique alone, he could one night descend with Orpheus into the dark regions of the lower world, and wander with him in search of his Eurydice; and the next night he could, in the same Théâtre-Lyrique, sup, in company with Philémon and Baucis, in their humble cot, with the great chief of the Olympian deities. The *libretto* of M. Charles Gounod's new opera is written by MM. Jules Barbier and Michel Carré. It is in three acts. Instead of a grand overture there is a simple introduction, worthier of a classical subject and in accord with the subdued tone of the first act, the more striking and brilliant efforts of the composer coming in the later parts of the opera. This introduction is a pastoral, in F, and on its last notes, the curtain rising, we find ourselves in the cottage of Philémon and Baucis, which, poor as it looks, is rendered a pleasant spot by the happiness of the good old couple. In a duet these happy beings celebrate their love, which has resisted time and poverty and age. While they are softly singing this, sounds of quite a different kind are heard in the distance. The other inhabitants of the village, who have lost all fear of the gods, are giving themselves up to their impious saturnalia. The effect of this *ensemble* is striking. Soon, however, the rising sounds of a tempest are heard, and while the storm is raging round the little cottage, two strangers knock at the door, asking shelter. Philémon, who is for the moment alone, receives them. These two strangers are Jupiter and Vulcain. There is here a very good trio, after which Vulcain sings a few stanzas with a very characteristic accompaniment, to represent the strokes of a hammer on the anvil. The air sung by Jupiter which next follows, "Allons, Vulcain," is also good. Baucis makes her appearance, and, after a long speech, sings in a manner that proves she can sing as well as she talks. But as Vulcain says, "Supper, not singing, is now the object," and to supper they accordingly go, when Jupiter, by changing their humble fare into a more *recherché* repast, declares himself, and promises to reward Philémon and Baucis for their virtue and piety, but, wishing them to avoid seeing the vengeance he intends taking on the impious villagers, he throws them into a deep sleep, and a *mélange* of horns, arpeggios on the harp, and the tremolo of the violins, is a pleasing termination to the first act.

The second represents the people of Sybarites reclining in gala attire, under the portico of the Temple of Cybele. Here the composer strives to assume all the passion and fire such a scene requires. The stanzas sung by Madlle. Sax (a *bacchante*), "C'est le vin," are not, however, worthy of the rest of the score. In the midst of the dances to which they are giving themselves up, Vulcain appears, and upbraids them. They wish to drive away this bird of ill-omen, when Jupiter appears, and, in a grand and dramatic *finale*, destroys this sacrilegious people. All this time Philémon and Baucis have been sleeping, and, in the third act, the curtain rising to the refrain of the pastoral in the first act, Baucis is discovered in all the splendour of youth and beauty, and in festive attire. Still in a trance, starting up, she seeks Philémon, to whom his youth and good looks have also been restored. Hardly knowing each other at first, the truth then breaks on them, but for a moment their felicity threatens to be troubled, for Jupiter, like Pygmalion, is very nearly falling in love with his own work. Baucis, however, rather than listen to any other voice than Philémon's, implores her gray hairs and wrinkled features may be restored to her. Jupiter, thereupon, like a gentlemanly deity, withdraws his suit, but leaves the happy pair in the enjoyment of their renewed youth. Battaillo performed the part of Jupiter, M. Froment that of Philémon, and Madame Miolan-Carvalho that of Baucis, and M. Balanqué Vulcain.

A slight accident occurred on the first night: a bouquet, thrown to Madame Carvalho, fell on the foot-lights and took fire; after a few minutes' suspense, a fireman advanced, and bore the bouquet off to a watery doom.

The concerts are going on still. The one given by Kruger on the 10th of February, in the new salons of Erard, was one of the best. Kruger played the grand sonata (Op. 57) of Beethoven, and the duet in D major of Mendelssohn, with the violoncellist, Rignault. He also gave "La chanson du chasseur," "Guitare et marche nocturne." Kruger had just returned from Stuttgart, where he had gone to be present at a festival given in honour of his father, on the occasion of the latter's completing the fiftieth year of his membership of the Chapel-Royal. The violinist, M. Servais, has just arrived here (Paris); he proposes making some stay here. The third concert of the Société des Concerts gave the symphony in E flat of Félicien David, the benediction of the flags from the *Siege de Corinthe*, and fragments from the ballet of *Prométhée*, the *Berceuse de Cherubini*, the Symphony in D of Beethoven completed the programme. The Société de Jeunes Artistes, under the direction of M. Pas de Loup, pursues its course with success. At their third concert some fragments, never played before, of Meyerbeer's opera of *Struensee* were given; the "Revolte des Gardes" and "Le bal et l'arrestation" were the titles of these pieces; the overture was also given, but it is well known here. The rest of the concert was equally well composed. To-morrow a concert that is looked forward to with the greatest interest will be given in the salons of the Louvre, M. and Mad. Sainton (late Miss Dolby) being the great attraction. Mad. Pleyel will perform on the 7th. M. Jacques Bauer also gives a concert to-morrow at the Salle Erard. A banquet was given the other day at the Café Véfour, at which many English and French writers assisted. M. Delaporte presided. He is the clever director of the concerts of the French Orpheonists. The object of the banquet was to publish the project that has been decided on, and which will be accomplished in the month of June. At that period 3,000 French Orpheonists will go to England to renew at the Crystal Palace the festival held by them in Paris in 1859. Twelve steamers will convey these artists over. Every one seems to think the company of the Crystal Palace have behaved in the most liberal manner. 200,000 francs is the sum said to have been given to defray the expenses. The Orpheonists stay one week in England, and they will give three concerts. This enterprise has been welcomed in the warmest manner here, and will doubtless prove successful. These are some of the choruses that will be sung: "Le Septuor des Huguenots," "Le Cimbres et Teutons," "Le Psaume de Marcello," "Le Veni Creator," "La Retraite, le Départ des Chasseurs," "Le Chant des Montagnards," and "Le Chœur des Prêtres des Mystères d'Isis." Paris has been making up this last week for the tranquillity of the winter; three masked balls, one at Colonel Fleury's, one at M. Fould's, and one at the Comte Tascher de la Pagerie's, have all been remarkable for their elegance and brilliancy. The Emperor and Empress, of course, were at them, though masked as the others. A great French artist has just died at Genoa—Raffet—as much beloved for his amiable character as admired for his talent; his two most remarkable paintings are, "La Revue passée aux Champs Elysées," and the "Dernière charge des lanciers rouges à Waterloo." An Indian instrument, called "The Xilo," composed of wood and straw, has been performed on with success by M. Henri Spira. He played national airs on it, and also the *Carnaval de Venise*.

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 So lightly could be broken.

Oh! take me to thy heart again.

I think how very sad and lone
 This life would be without thee;
 For all the joys my heart hath known
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 That wounded thee so blindly;
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 To the coming fight.

What though foes surround us,
 Though their chains have bound us,
 We will live as freemen live,
 Or die as warriors die.
 Come with weapons gleaming—
 Come with banners streaming,
 Raise your glorious battle cry,
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There should be no despair for you,
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There should be no despair, though tears
 May flow down like a river:
 Are not the best-beloved of years
 Around your heart for ever.

They weep, you weep, it must be so;
 Winds sigh, as you are sighing,
 And winter sheds its grief in snow,
 Where autumn's leaves are lying.

Yet, these revive, and from their fate,
 Your fate cannot be parted;
 Then, journey on, if not elate,
 Still, never broken hearted.

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 O, haste with thy burden to life's narrow gate,
 Ere the night shadows falling proclaim thee too late

Knock, little pilgrim, it shall not be vain,
 Thy feeble entreaties admittance shall gain;
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 A sunbeam fell down from above!

The dew-drop instinctively felt there had come
 A rival—his loved one to prove,
 A shelter he sought next the heart of the rose,
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Still nearer came that sunbeam gay,
 As he called the rose his bride,
 Those words the dew-drop heard him say,
 Then drooped his head and died.

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 Whose faith no storms of life can bend;
 Not the mere friend of summer day,
 But firm when joy hath passed away.

This flower is like the joys that shine,
 In sorrow's hour and life's decline,
 Wha' youth hath passed and pleasure flown,
 And sad the spirit sighs alone:
 Then marvel not that thus I twine
 My thoughts around this gift of thine,
 And muse on hopes and joys that last,
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Prithee tell me, gentle air,
 Why my heart is full of care,
 And why no pleasures charm me?
 It is not Love torments me so:
 I scorn the wily urchin's bow,
 His arrows cannot harm me!

I try to sing—my voice is sad!
 I sleep! but then 'tis just as bad—
 Such gloomy things I dream on!
 Can you not tell? nor you? nor you?
 Oh then I know not what to do
 To charm away the demon.

I sometimes think, if "I know who"
 Were here, he'd tell me what to do,
 To bid the demon slumber!
 Could I but hear his voice again,
 I'm sure 'twould cheer my heart—but then
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 Though my heart would trust them gladly,
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 Yet I still must ponder sadly,
 Ah! what bitter pain is this.

All my inmost soul concealing,
 Shall I sternly answer "No!"
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